

Get Some by quinnvicious

Series: [Random Prompts \[1\]](#)

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Summary:

Billy is like a drug injected straight into his brain—he makes it hard to think and blurs Steve's lines about what being a good person means. Billy is decidedly awful, but Steve likes to think *he's* a good person. Even though being around Billy brings out some of the *awful* in him. He's addicted.

But, when he's with Billy, that thought doesn't really bother him all that much.

Get Some

Author's Note:

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Prompt from Flippy's Prompt Challenge

[http://flippyspoon.tumblr.com/post/168205536481/](http://flippyspoon.tumblr.com/post/168205536481/flippys-prompt-challenge)

flippys-prompt-challenge

(Smut, Basketball/Gym Shorts, Lucas, Hawkins Middle School)

It's a stretching afternoon at Hawkins High, and the gym is bustling with the day's basketball practice.

Several team members sit on the bench, sweating buckets around their towels and staring dumbfounded at the two still going at it like a pair of wolves on a wounded sheep. Even the coach is surprised at their everlasting aggression. Not that he's complaining; it means they'll snag this year's championships without a shadow of a doubt. His two star-players are still tearing up and down the court, practically alone now, as more and more of the team drop like flies because they can't keep up.

Steve and Billy have a knack for drawing the aggression out of each other. A King and his usurper, two lions at the head of their pride, circling each other with snarling teeth and swiping claws. Steve makes Billy want to tear him from his throne and conquer everything in sight. Billy makes Steve do everything he can to protect the only place in this world he's ever known. It's an elegant, violent dance of offense and defense. While to onlookers it might look like a furious duel, to them, it's a *game*.

At some point, after both their energy flags and they're panting and covered in bruises from where they've pushed each other too hard, they realize that the gym is empty besides the two of them. Everybody else had already gone home. Steve braces himself over his knees and laughs through his panting. They're both a sweaty mess, hair sticking to foreheads and beads of it glittering in the light filtering through the high windows. Billy laughs too, because he's pretty much in the same shape.

They call it a draw after some fighting about the score. The high of the game is still buzzing through their veins and before Steve can head to hit the showers, Billy's crowding around him with that familiar look like they should take this somewhere else. Steve's eyes fall to the muscles of his bare chest and can't help but sheepishly agree. There is something about Billy that drowns Steve's nerve in hot, raw feelings and single-minded desire and he finds it hard to resist his *pull*.

They sneak out the back, still wearing their gym clothes and Steve thinks Billy looks fucking beautiful in the sunlight. He gets distracted by the halo of gold in his blonde curls, but thankfully Billy has enough sense to avoid any of the other students still lingering on campus. When they make it to the outskirts of the middle school field next door, Billy pushes him over suddenly and Steve barely catches himself in the grass. When he throws a glare up at him and asks him what the hell that was for, Billy is grinning meanly and getting a head start on their impromptu race. Steve curses and the grass stains his hands as he pushes himself into a run, trying to catch up.

Billy makes it to the building first and is all too ready to rub his victory in Steve's face-- but Steve doesn't stop, and he's barreling into the blonde and pushing him through the door. Billy is laughing like a hyena, breathless from both the impact and Steve's sudden gall. He's pushing Billy against a wall, the glass display case rattling with the force and it takes every ounce of control not to kiss him right there. Instead, he hooks two fingers down the front of Billy's gym shorts and leads him down the hall. Billy couldn't find it all funnier. Steve has to shush his fits of laughter more than once, as infectious as it is. There's always a level of giddiness when they decide to go fool around.

Billy is far too handsy, and he's reaching to drag his nails sharp up under Steve's shirt before he runs into his back when the other boy stops too hard before turning a corner. Billy breathes a dirty whisper over Steve's ear and Steve shivers when it tickles him. He'd turn around and fuck Billy right there if either of them weren't so terrified of getting caught.

And speaking of the devil, he hears somebody coming and he staggers backwards to elbow Billy out of sight before whoever it is

turns the corner. He hears the crackle of a walkie-talkie and curses as he remembers AV Club is today, and the kids are still in the building. He can't believe he forgot. Whichever one it is, they're getting closer, and Steve frantically motions for Billy to start running. There's still a grin underneath the brief fear and then Steve's chasing him down the hallway like the cops are after them instead of an oblivious pre-teen.

They barely make it around the corner in time to avoid Lucas' patrol. The boy stomps around it at the sound of sneakers squeaking fast on the linoleum and is asking over his radio if any of the other party members know anything about it. The two of them are far away enough they don't hear the reply.

They're breathless by the time they make it to the other end of the school where the gym is. It feels smaller with all the bleachers pulled out for whatever pep rally or event the school principle was planning for tomorrow. Billy's high out his mind with the thrill of almost getting caught, and by one of Steve's lollipop guild, no less, and Steve can't help laughing too. They are *ridiculous*.

Steve leans against the side of the scaffolding of the long, wooden rows and stares openly at Billy as he catches his breath. It doesn't escape Billy's notice. Ever the glutton for attention, he sidles over to stand in front of him, slightly taller when Steve's leaning back like he is, and his frame blocks some of the light. Billy's toothy smirk cuts through the shadow. He smells like expensive hairspray and clean sweat, and Steve gets fed up, grabbing the hem of Billy's gym shorts again so he can pull him in for a biting kiss. Billy is like a drug injected straight into his brain—he makes it hard to think and blurs Steve's lines about what being a good person means. Billy is decidedly awful, but Steve likes to think *he's* a good person. Even though being around Billy brings out some of the *awful* in him. He's addicted.

But, when he's with Billy, that thought doesn't really bother him all that much.

Billy's pulling him into the narrow, hidden space behind the bleachers and Steve's pressing him into a corner to bite at his lips until Billy surrenders, mouth flowering underneath his. He tastes the salt of adrenaline and copper, and Steve tongues over his teeth like

he's trying to eat Billy alive. He kisses him as hard as he'd played the basketball game earlier and Billy's groaning behind his teeth with the onslaught. Billy isn't terribly vocal-- far too restricted in anything he considers a weakness-- so Steve feels intensely rewarded with every little gasp and moan he can tear from the other. Kissing Billy feels like he's siphoning every drop of anger and aggression from him like gasoline, and Steve-- despite any of his usual moral apprehension-- is all too happy to douse him and light the match.

A few minutes later and Steve can feel the insistent poke through their thin layers and he hooks his thumbs on either side of Billy's shorts, gliding them slowly down. He huffs a laugh when Billy's cock springs free from his lack of underwear. It's flushed and dripping at the tip, pointing angrily at him with a purpose, and Steve figures he's probably been hard since basketball practice ended. He pumps the slickness down over it a few times with a fist and Billy hisses, his own fists clenching tight enough to bruise on Steve's shoulders and he's pushing him down until Steve gets the picture.

The gym floor is hard on his knees, but it's worth it to look up at Billy from this angle. His hard abs and chest shining, the small pendant on his necklace sticking sweaty between his pecs, his hair a wild mess around his heated look. Steve decides right then and there that he's going to absolutely *ruin* Billy Hargrove.

He blows cold air over Billy's cock a few times before Billy's hands are weaving through the back of Steve's mullet and tugging sharply in annoyance. Steve snorts, and without any further warning he's swallowing the entirety of Billy's length and humming his throat around it. Billy jerks so hard his head hits the concrete wall behind him and he pulls harder as he's momentarily overwhelmed, sparks behind his squeezed-shut eyes. Steve winces, but he figures it was his own fault that time.

His tongue prods the throbbing vein along the bottom of his dick and Billy's breathing out his first name like they were lovers or something. It has a hot flush crossing Steve's face and he tries to breathe through his nose when Billy holds him over his dick like a vice. He can feel Billy's heartbeat in his mouth and Steve digs his fingernails in Billy's hips hard enough to regain some control over the situation. He slams Billy back into the wall with a thud of flesh and

Steve takes a lungful of air before he's laughing again at the embarrassment Billy's trying to hide behind a scowl.

Steve smooths his hands down the other's thighs in apology before snaking them back up and underneath the legs of the shorts stretched taught just below his hard-on. They travel around to his ass and he squeezes violently enough that Billy's lifting his hips towards him again, eyebrows drawn tight in urgent concentration. Steve kisses just below his bellybutton before he takes him in his mouth again, tongue gentle where his hands are the opposite, kneading hard on the globes of Billy's ass till he's hissing low and cursing Steve's name between his clenched teeth.

Billy's too worked up to last long, but Steve's hands don't stop what they're doing to work himself towards his own release. He's always prided himself on being a very accommodating lover, making sure his partners get what they need before anything else. It's worth it just to see Billy fall apart underneath his hands and mouth. He wishes they were at his place, in his own bed, where Billy would pretend to put up a good fight before Steve pounds him relentlessly into his mattress like the first time they hit home base. Although, as he looks back up at the half-glare of heavy lashes like dark paint strokes on Billy's flushed face, he can hardly complain.

He can feel the subtle tremble in Billy's legs letting him know he's close, and Steve slides a deal-breaker finger down the cleft of his ass. Billy flinches when it reaches its prize and circles his hole and then he's making a noise he can't quite cover up in time. He curses and growls Steve's last name in warning. It's enough, and Steve picks up his pace around his cock until Billy's body is locking up and he's coming down his throat on an open-mouthed, exasperated moan.

When Steve pulls away to wipe his mouth, he wears a smug look underneath his ruined hair-do. Billy comes back to himself enough to glare at him, one sneaker pressing dangerously between Steve's legs like a promise. Steve swats his foot away and pulls himself to his feet, huffing at the other's cocky smirk. Billy pulls him in close and tells him all the things he's planning on doing to him in a low whisper. Steve's ready to make him keep his promises before a bang of the door opening makes them both freeze solid.

Steve can hear Dustin, Lucas and Max arguing over whether Hawkins Middle is haunted as they walk into the gym. He can just barely see a sliver of the trio through the bleachers and he curses and silently wills them to go away long enough that he can sneak out with Billy. Max's presence has Billy standing stock-still behind him, and Billy grips his arm and jerks his head to where there's an opening for escape.

They move quickly behind the bleachers and wait until the kids have their backs turned to check the storage room before hightailing it out of there. Billy is laughing, almost manic, as they run back to the high school. Steve resolves to never fool around in a middle school *ever* again.